

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XIX.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1890.

No. 47.

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CTS.

Arlington, November 21, 1890.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line, 5 cents
Special Notices, 15 " " "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 " "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 " "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

TINKERING THE TARIFF.

An article in the *Globe* of Nov. 19 leads to the inference that the editor of that paper, like others well informed on the tariff, realizes that the enactment of a tariff bill is something quite different from smashing one. The *Globe* admits the Morrison bill (which failed to pass the 49th Congress and has been almost forgotten), was a failure and then says:—

"The Mills bill was not much better in this respect. Like the Morrison bill it embodied the principle of reform, but although it was framed with the distinct purpose of minimizing opposition, yet it reduced the 'protection' on some hundreds of articles, and thereby united many powerful corporate interests against it."

But this introduction is a prelude for an argument in favor of the plan proposed by Senator Vest, namely, to tinker with the tariff piece-meal, by passing a separate law to apply to each class of imported articles.

When the next Congress assembles, (a year from next month) the country will watch with more of amusement than interest any attempt to provide for the running expenses of the government by bills of this kind in the House of Representatives having more than a hundred Democratic majority, provided such a measure ever sees the light.

The impossibility of getting a controlling portion of the Democrats in any legislative body in sufficient accord to pass a tariff measure has been repeatedly demonstrated, and the wide divergence possible among public men in this matter was never more signally shown than in the new men chosen as Democrats in all sections of the country.

But the main reason why there will be little tariff tinkering lies in the fact that before the next Congress assembles the bill now in force will have demonstrated its fitness to stand as the law of the land, because its principle has created the finest market in the world and better than all the markets of all the world, and the measure now in force controls and enlarges it; because the principle of protection has raised the American farmer to a dignity enjoyed by no other tiller of the soil, and the American mechanic to a place in society and in affairs which is the envy of his brethren of every land.

The Farmers' Alliance was an important factor in the recent election in Georgia, and it was announced soon afterwards that their successes at the polls would defeat the election of Gov. Gordon to the U. S. Senate. The Legislature voted on that matter last Tuesday and Gov. Gordon won the coveted honor by one vote. The Legislature was a tie, and the speaker cast the deciding vote in his favor amid great excitement.

It might not be a bad idea if some one should write out the history of the Argentine speculations, Government loans on real estate and the issue of cedulas, in tract form, for circulation among the Farmers' Alliances. Some of the ideas which have been worked out with such disastrous results in South America are closely akin to the Farmers' Alliance schemes.

The great fair in the Mechanics' Building, Boston, closes next week Saturday. The horse cars run directly to the fair building from the B. & L. depot and any who have not visited the remarkable exhibition ought to do so. It is a veritable palace of delight to children, and parents accompanying them will find enough to entertain, amuse or instruct them while devoting a few hours to the children's pleasure.

Although our cold weather seems to be late in getting here, it will come, depend upon it. Better prepare for it in advance, and send to the Standard Clothing Co., 295 Washington st., Boston, for one of their "King of Frieze" Ulsters, which are particularly adapted for all who require an unusually strong and warm coat, that will stand the severest wear and weather. Attention is called to the advertisement in another column.

Our Somerville neighbors have nominated Mayor Pipe of that city for re-election, by acclamation, and there will be practically no opposition.

A Chapter of Advice.

To the young the future is usually full of promise. Without experience the world seems full of golden opportunities for happiness and profit. Imagination plays upon these visions, and grand successes are prophesied. The present often seems very undesirable because of the restraints and burdens that keep them back from liberty and blessing. Now, no one should seek to shadow the hopes and aspirations of young hearts. Let them enjoy the light and the buoyancy of their youth. Let them indulge in all reasonable anticipations of the future, for those who are older know that those are the days which in after life will be looked back to as golden—as a period light in burden and rich in blessing. Yet the fact should be realized that the blossoms of youth are apt to blight before fruitage. Of the multitude who strike out from home upon the sea of busy life but few can say they have half realized their modest expectations. A host at the end of life's voyage have to look back upon a line of disasters and wrecks. Scores of boys who have chafed under parental restraint and the monotonous labors of home, and have pressed their way out into independent life, after a few years of experience with life as it is, have been more than glad to get into the old family boat again and work before the mast.

The gist of the matter is this: Boys enjoy yourselves. Do not let gloomy forebodings of the future snuff out the joy of the present. Cultivate noble impulses, high aspirations, for without these but little will be gained; but do not be deceived by the rainbow that points to the pot of gold, by the silver clouds that overhang dark valleys, so as to be restless and uneasy, for in nine cases out of ten you are now having the best of life, notwithstanding the little annoyances and restraints and hardships that vex you. Enjoy with contentment what you have, prepare yourself for higher responsibilities, and when it becomes your duty or privilege, assume them. Thus life will be made as happy as it can be, you will be saved from extreme disappointment, and you will attain as far as possible the highest objects of life.

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Our Somerville neighbors have nominated Mayor Pipe of that city for re-election, by acclamation, and there will be practically no opposition.

The KING of FRIEZE

Drivers, Conductors, Railroad-Men, Milk-men and all whose business is out of doors, and who wish a warm and strong

ULSTER,

we recommend and guarantee ours. It is absolutely storm and wind proof, as will be seen by the following letter:

To Whom it May Concern:

In February, 1889, the STANDARD CLOTHING COMPANY sent me a Dark Oxford Mix Frieze Ulster, which they call their "King of Frieze," with the request to give it the hardest possible wear the balance of the winter.

Although there was no snow of any amount, it was a very wet season, and I wore the coat daily in my business, and found it exactly as they represented, impervious to water and snow. I have the ulster in use now, and it is the warmest, most comfortable, and most durable, strongest, warmest ulster that I have ever owned.

The price of the "King of Frieze," \$12, brings it within the reach of every hard driver, hortic driver, car driver, or any one whose business is out of doors, and who needs a coat that will shed water or snow.

JAMES M. TABROX,
Superintendent Herdic-Phinton Co., Boston.

OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS CAN ORDER BY MAIL
BY SENDING

BREAST MEASURE.

Hundreds have been sent this way and not one returned.

A Warm, Durable,

All Wool, Water

and now Proof

Ulster, at the mod-

erate price of

\$12.00

Standard Clothing Co.,

295 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

21 nov 4w

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

ARLINGTON, Nov. 20, 1890.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the Town of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years hereinafter specified, according to the lists committed to me as collector of taxes for said town by the assessors of taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by publication at the Town Clerk's office, in said Arlington, on MONDAY, December 15, 1890, at three o'clock p. m., for the payment of said taxes with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

Some favor a tariff for revenue only, some a tariff with incidental protection, and some a tariff for protection, *per se*; but a large majority favor the free use of Salvation Oil for cuts and bruises.

An endless chain of certificates verify the excellence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

THE LADIES

—OR—

Arlington and Lexington

are especially invited to examine our selected stock of

Holiday Goods

—CONSISTING OF—

BASKETS,

Fine Embroideries,

Toilet Articles,

ALSO Yarns and Knit Goods.

Imported and Domestic

Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery

All First Quality Goods

CEILEY & WRIGHT,

SUCCESSORS TO

N. D. WHITNEY & CO.,

Cor. Tremont and Winter Sts., Boston.

21 nov 4w

BUTTONHOLES made in dress goods, jackets, sacks, etc., at 451 Arlington Avenue, 21 nov 4w

SITUATION wanted by an experienced nurse to take care of an invalid, or to do monthly nursing. Apply at No. 15 Teel street, Arlington.

GLOBE DENTAL PARLORS,

227 TREMONT ST., BOSTON,

21 nov 4w

Gas Free for the painless extraction of teeth. Fillings inserted at reasonable prices.

Artificial Teeth only \$8.00 per set.

Guaranteed to fit or no pay. Advice concerning the teeth cheerfully given. All work warranted.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE,

227 Tremont St., - - BOSTON.

21 nov 4w

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of DANIEL HINES, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased,

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate; by Martin Hines, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor, therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety, or securities on his bond pursuant to the law.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be done, before said Court.

Witness, G. B. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be done, before said Court.

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Witness, G. B. BROOKS, Es

THANKSGIVING.

Welcome, thou grand old Feast-day!
Again thou russet fields
Lie idle in the soft, gray light,
Shorn of their splendid yields;
Again the lanes have glimmered
With farewell golden-rod,
And gentian fringes closed above
The tinted olive sod.
But thou, O grand old Feast-day,
Thou hast no need of these
To draw us to thee. Though thou bring
Gray skies and leafless trees—
A hundred welcomes to thee!
Ye altar-fires at home,
Shine out—and kindred gather
From sea to mountain dome!
So hail thee, grand old Feast-day!
The wind-swept orchard boughs
Have flung their ruddy gold and green
Upon the earth; the mows
Are rich with grain; the furrows
Sleep 'neath the sun's veiled rays—
And all the land is glad and greets
A new Thanksgiving Day!

—Helen Chase.

The Lady and the Diamond.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

LIt was the eve of Thanksgiving, a dark eve, too, with the rain falling in a most disagreeable drizzle. Under wraps and umbrellas people whom business called out hurried home. Some of them were laden with presents and good cheer for the feast. All were glad. Even those whose attire bespoke pinched conditions and only too little of the things that go to make life worth the living fondled closely to them some little parcel with which they would gladden their humble homes.

In the throng that wended its way down toward the Wall Street Ferry was a girl looking older than she really was, Jennie Desmond. She, too, had her little parcel with her with which she was hastening to her home on Dean street Brooklyn. She was employed in the office of a diamond merchant in Maiden lane cleaning the precious stones that ladies of wealth sent in to be brightened up for the holidays. The crush of business had been unusually great, and Jennie, who had the entire confidence of the firm, was intrusted with a magnificent pendant, the property of Mrs. Vanderpoel, who resides on Fifth avenue, less than a block away from the palatial home of the Vanderbilts. The pendant had to be cleaned for a ball on Thanksgiving and Jennie had taken it with her to fix it up at home, as she had frequently done before with others of almost equal value.

She was careful in securing it to her person. She carried it on a string about her neck beneath her clothing and trudged on through the wet and mud unconscious of any impending misfortune. Indeed, the bundle under her arm, containing a small present for her mother, enlisted her attention more than did the gem she wore about her neck. She was oblivious of the jam and jostle about her. Everybody was crowding the other good-naturedly, as only an American metropolitan crowd can. At times the current in the human tide that flowed through the ferry gate lifted her almost from her feet. Still she thought only of her home and of the Thanksgiving gift for her mother. Gladness is always infectious and all-absorbing. If she was crushed and crowded and jostled it was by people who, like herself, were battling good-humoredly with each other in a desire to get home early and gladden their friends.

That was the scene and these the feelings about the ferry house. Just at its gates, however, two little boys were standing crying out the evening papers. They felt the pitiless, chilling rain as it beat through their scant clothing and ate its way to the very marrow in their bones. They had nothing to be thankful for. The weather was against the sale of their wares, and the only trace of sunshine in their homes must come by the pennies earned from day to day.

One of them, a pale-faced lad, shivered in a corner, where he found shelter from the driving rain. He was a timid boy, known to his comrades as "Mugsy" and to a bedridden father and a little sister as Sammy Fox. His home, if a place to shelter one from the weather and a floor to lie upon could be called a home, was in a row of old, rickety tenements in Cherry street known as "Italian alley." The crowds at the ferry and their laughing faces and good-natured rillery were only a mockery and a taunt to him. They were too much bent upon getting home to care to stop to buy the papers. The hours wore on and the tide had ebbed and the streets began to thin of its crowds, and only a few pennies had rewarded the efforts of the boy.

He huddled in close in the lee of the gates, but the keeper ordered him off, and as he started to go his eye fell upon a gleam of light. He had never seen anything like it before. It pleased him as a toy would. He watched his opportunity, then stole up to it silently, but

as he came nearer the light seemed to fade out of it. He picked it up, took it over with him to Franklin square, and there under the lights he began to examine his find. He was pleased with its bright gleamings. It would be toy for his sister, and he put it carefully away in his pocket. What it was he had no idea.

The night was bad for Mugsy. He had, in the parlance of the street, "been stuck" on his papers. He had not sold enough of them to even recoup himself from loss. To go home without a cent was out of the question. Mugsy had no education, but he had been born with a heart that told him his presence, though always welcome, would lend an added gloom to the already darksome home unless he brought money for bread. It would be three hungry instead of two. So long as he was out there might be some hope for earning a little. So, until nearly midnight he dodged about the streets, and then when the hour had been passed he staggered into the office of the *Press*, and down in the room where newsboys wait for the paper the lad threw himself down in a corner to sleep. The whirring of the press awoke him and he was soon out. Up town he went to Fifth avenue to catch a dime from generous givers on Thanksgiving day. In front of a window he took his stand shortly before noon.

The carriages rolled by and the little urchin, hungry and tired, was more asleep than awake. He was on the North Side when services at the Cathedral concluded and the crowds came out. He ran to cross the street to sell his papers when a carriage came rushing along. There was a cry from some people to the powdered and liveried driver, but it came too late. The boy was under the wheels. The lady, who was the only occupant of

throw herself upon her mercy. Pale and trembling, she came to this city and approached the rich home. More than once she faltered at the threshold, but finally rang the bell. She implored permission to see Mrs. Vanderpoel. It was in vain for the porter to tell her to call again. She must see her, she said. Her importunities finally prevailed, and in the parlor she saw the lady. In a voice broken with sobs she told the story, and throwing herself upon her knees, piteously begged for mercy. She saw both dishonor and possibly the prison staring her in the face.

Mrs. Vanderpoel listened to the story. She asked the girl to be seated, and then sent for the physician and inquired after the boy. He was all right. He had regained consciousness. Mrs. Vanderpoel asked the girl to remain, and then went out of the room. She went to the boy. She showed him the pendant found in his pocket. His eyes brightened.

"Dat's what I got for Lena," he said; dat's Lena's."

"Who is Lena?" asked the lady.

"She's my sister what's wid dad down home."

"And where did you get this?"

"I got it down at the ferry las' night. I seen it shin'g, and I kep' it for her."

"Why did you not give it to her?"

"'Cause I had no money to go home and I didn't want to. I slep' out. I didn't have no money for somethin' to eat, and I was goin' to give it to her when I sold papers and brought somethin' home for her and dad to eat."

"But how did you find it?"

"De copper he told me to git out of de corner down at de ferry, and when I didn't git he fanned me, and den I seed de t'ing shin'g and I sneaked up and collared it. Dat's all."

And the lad smiled. So too, did the



JENNIE'S APPEAL FOR MERCY.

the carriage, ordered the driver to stop, and took the newsboy into the carriage. It was less than a block to her home, and thither the little fellow was taken. He was unconscious. The family physician came, and in removing the poor urchin's clothing to examine his injuries the bright toy he had found at the Wall Street Ferry fell out. It was a magnificent diamond pendant, and was handed to the lady of the house, who was greatly surprised, as she thought she recognized it as her own. It resembled one she had sent to her diamond cleaner in Maiden lane—was identical in every particular.

It was strange. Perhaps, then, the lad was a thief, somebody said, but Mrs. Vanderpoel insisted upon the utmost attention being given him. He might be a thief, but it was Thanksgiving day. Meantime there had been sad scenes in the home of the Desmond girl. When she reached the tenement in Dean street she felt none of the inconveniences of the journey. She was wet and tired, but the little surprise she had in store for her mother made her forgetful of herself. Ten minutes nearly were spent in looking at the present and commenting upon it. Then Jennie retired to change her wet clothing. Once in her room her first thought was of Mrs. Vanderpoel's gem. She put her hand about her neck to draw it up, when, to her horror, she found that it was gone. She could not realize it at first. She examined her apparel, but as article after article was searched and no trace of the pendant was had, her alarm became intense. She hurried back to the ferry over the way she came, through the same streets and up to the very door of the store of her employer. Still she could find no trace. She made anxious inquiries at the ferry house if "anything" had been found by the employees, but received a negative answer. She did not dare tell them what it was she had lost. Up and down the street, far into the night, she walked, her eyes peering in a vain search for the gem.

All night she lay awake, and her mother shared her sorrow. The situation was one of grave moment for both. They were poor. The pendant was worth many thousands of dollars. These two facts, with the aid of the imagination of a prosecuting attorney, were all sufficient for a conviction. The morning broke heavily for them. She did not dare tell her employer until her last resource was gone. Finally she resolved to tell the owner of the pendant and

Cause for Thanksgiving.

With all of her wonderful fruits, California lacks a cranberry worthy of the name. A New England tourist ordered cranberry sauce with his turkey one Thanksgiving Day at a hotel in Pasadena. An odd-looking and odd-tasting dish of stewed fruit was brought to him.

"What do you call this?" he asked the waitress, a girl from the New Hampshire mountains.

"Cranberry sauce, sir," she answered, with a fair smile of sympathy for his evident distaste.

"Cranberry sauce!" he echoed, indignant, "that has no more the flavor of a cranberry than a peanut has of a pumpkin."

"Maybe not," she replied, demurely, "but you see it gives folks a great deal more reason to be thankful for the turkey."

A BIG CITY'S PIES.

New York's Annual Consumption is Enormous.

A Visit to a Great Metropolitan Pie-Foundry.

In New York it has been estimated that the annual consumption is fifteen whole pies for each man, woman, and child within the city limits. Pie baking has been made a separate industry and there are now twenty establishments in town that bake pies exclusively.

Of these there is one "pie-baking company" that turns out 8,500 pies a day, or 2,560,500 pies a year, not counting Sundays, and another that averages 7,000 a day or 2,191,000 a year. Many bakers bake their own pies, but by far the greater amount of the pie of commerce is supplied by the "companies" and delivered at the bakeries by the pie-delivery wagons. The companies also supply hotels, restaurants, boarding-houses and private families. A visit to one of these great pie-foundries is well worth while, and it is a revelation to those who have only seen pies made one at a time in the old-fashioned way.

Entering the large wagon-door on the ground floor of a big pie-factory one first sees the long rows of delivery wagons receiving their precious loads. Men in white aprons and caps scurry about with trays of pie and near some of the wagons trays are piled as high as a man's head. Each wagon will hold 600 pies neatly packed in shallow shelves at the sides. Little doors close over each tier of pie, and the pastry is transplanted without the slightest danger of being crushed. In another part of the ground floor pumpkins, squashes, apples, peaches and cranberries are being unloaded and stored.

Only a small quantity of these perishable fruits is kept in stock and the supply has to be constantly renewed. In the basement are the great brick ovens, the mince, custard and coconut departments and the large rooms devoted to the manufacture of crust. Everything about the basement is spotlessly clean, and the bakers are dressed in the white uniforms of their profession. The pies are all hand-made, but the rapidity with which a single one is made ready for the oven is startling.

There are long benches upon which eighteen or twenty bakers knead great lumps of dough, while others roll it out in great sheets. Piles of pie-tins, six, nine and thirteen inches in diameter, stand about, and as each square wooden tray for the reception of finished pie is filled it is marched off to the oven room. The department for the manufacture of the fruit interiors is upstairs, and the great wooden dishes containing pie contents are brought down to the crust-room on elevators. In the bakeroom, which is entirely of brick, there are from ten to twenty brick ovens, according to the size of the establishment. These ovens are to all intents and purposes like the old-fashioned brick ovens, and their usual size is nine by twelve feet.

At one corner of each oven is a grate upon which live coals glow and give forth the heat that gives the pie its proper browning. By an ingenious arrangement of drafts an even temperature is maintained throughout, and the burning of a pie is an unheard-of calamity. The pies are put in and taken out of the ovens by means of long-handled wooden spades technically called "peels." As the pies come out, done to a beautiful brown, they are placed in one of the square wooden trays and taken to the ground floor where they are packed in the delivery wagons.

Three sizes of pie are constructed, six, nine and thirteen inches in diameter, and the average thickness is three-quarters of an inch. The average weight of a nine inch pie is eighteen ounces, but this varies greatly, according to the variety. The kinds now most in demand are apple, mince, peach, plum, lemon, cranberry, pumpkin, custard and coconut. Coconut, pumpkin and custard pies are not made in summer, because of the difficulty of keeping them. One third of all the pie made is apple.

Pumpkin and mince are just now the next most popular. It is this year difficult to get good apples, and without doubt the demand for apple-pie will steadily decrease. The demand for plum-pie is the smallest.

When the wagons are all loaded they are rapidly driven to the restaurants, hotels and bakeries, and shortly afterward the business man is munching a piece and telling his neighbor how much better pie his mother used to make.—[New York Tribune]

No man can know it all, yet they all think they do.

A Monkey Soprano.

When an animal in the Zoological Garden gets thoroughly acquainted with visitors who, perhaps, make frequent calls, and is on friendly terms with them, it makes known its satisfaction in various ways when the familiar faces appear.

There is no animal in the collection more highly prized than is "Signor Bellini," known to the common run of the public as the "singing monkey." In no way is the title a misnomer, for the comical-looking little fellow can sing a song almost as prettily as a canary bird, and it is not unlike the warblings of the feathered songsters, either.

Head Keeper Byrne took a party of friends around the other day directly after he had sent the lions and tigers on a jolly drunk, and gave them a rare treat in vocalism. Members of the party were directed to go into the monkey house and take a stand in a certain corner. Directly after the appearance of Mr. Byrne was the signal for a novel exhibition. All the monkeys in the cage, big and little, with one exception, began to scamper about and chase one another in wild glee. Their joy knew no bounds.

The one exception was the grave and gifted "Signor Bellini." He stood erect and walked to the front in a slow and unspeakably comical manner.

When close to the bars of the cage he threw back his head much after the manner of the old-time choir leader and began to sing. The song did not last long but what there was of it was really musical. It consisted of a few runs and ended with a long trill that easily reached high "C." Nothing could induce the haughty signor to respond to an encore. When the last note died away he turned toward a little bit of a monkey and began to pull him about in a perfectly shameless manner, and ended by robbing him of a savory peanut.—[Philadelphia Ledger]

Big Farms.

A Northwestern correspondent says: "Oliver Dalrymple, of St. Paul, is generally credited with being the largest individual farmer in this section. I saw him at Casselton, N. D., as I came through there on the Northern Pacific road. He was just finishing harvesting, and had cut over 40,000 acres of wheat. I am told that Mr. Dalrymple has about 20,000 acres of wheat land himself, and that he has nearly as much more land under his control, which is owned by a pool of his friends. It is all known as Dalrymple land, and hence he is come to be known as the largest farmer of the United States. As a matter of fact J. B. Haggan of California, who is a stock farmer, outranks Mr. Dalrymple, having 42,000 acres under cultivation or constant use. The largest land owner out here is said to be James J. Hill, of the Manitoba railroad, who is said to declare that he thinks it is better than life insurance to buy the cheap lands of the Northwest and let them lay for his posterity."—[Courier Journal]

There are long benches upon which eighteen or twenty bakers knead great lumps of dough, while others roll it out in great sheets. Piles of pie-tins, six, nine and thirteen inches in diameter, stand about, and as each square wooden tray for the reception of finished pie is filled it is marched off to the oven room. The department for the manufacture of the fruit interiors is upstairs, and the great wooden dishes containing pie contents are brought down to the crust-room on elevators. In the bakeroom, which is entirely of brick, there are from ten to twenty brick ovens, according to the size of the establishment. These ovens are to all intents and purposes like the old-fashioned brick ovens, and their usual size is nine by twelve feet.

At one corner of each oven is a grate upon which live coals glow and give forth the heat that gives the pie its proper browning. By an ingenious arrangement of drafts an even temperature is maintained throughout, and the burning of a pie is an unheard-of calamity. The pies are put in and taken out of the ovens by means of long-handled wooden spades technically called "peels." As the pies come out, done to a beautiful brown, they are placed in one of the square wooden trays and taken to the ground floor where they are packed in the delivery wagons.

Three sizes of pie are constructed, six, nine and thirteen inches in diameter, and the average thickness is three-quarters of an inch. The average weight of a nine inch pie is eighteen ounces, but this varies greatly, according to the variety. The kinds now most in demand are apple, mince, peach, plum, lemon, cranberry, pumpkin, custard and coconut. Coconut, pumpkin and custard pies are not made in summer, because of the difficulty of keeping them. One third of all the pie made is apple.

Pumpkin and mince are just now the next most popular. It is this year difficult to get good apples, and without doubt the demand for apple-pie will steadily decrease. The demand for plum-pie is the smallest.

When the wagons are all loaded they are rapidly driven to the restaurants, hotels and bakeries, and shortly afterward the business man is munching a piece and telling his neighbor how much better pie his mother used to make.—[New York Tribune]

No man can know it all, yet they all think they do.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea,
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped in a five-pound note.

The owl looked up to the stars above
And sung to a small guitar:
"O lovely pussy, O pussy, my love,
What a beautiful pussy you are."

Pussy said to the owl: "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married, too long we have tar-
ried;

But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong tree grows;
And there in a wood a piggy wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?" Said the pig, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next
day.

By the turkey that lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.

THE FOLK OR WIND-HARP.

The eolian or wind-harp is a very simple musical instrument which produces harmonious sounds when placed in a current of wind. It is made by stretching eight or ten strings of catgut all tuned in unison over a wooden box formed generally like a sloping desk. The sounds produced by the rising and falling wind in passing over the strings are of a drowsy and lulling character. Any boy or girl either, for that matter, with a fair share of mechanical ingenuity, can make one of these harps and by placing it in an open window have strange sweet music whenever the wind chooses to play upon it.—[Detroit Free Press]

A BRAVE YOUNG PRINCE.

When Gustavus Adolphus, son of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, was only five years old, he was walking one evening in a meadow with the ladies who had charge of him.

Happening to see some thick undergrowth, the little boy ran toward the place as fast as he could. As his attendants did not wish him to go there, they called out that the place was full of vipers and snakes, which would certainly kill him.

LIFE IN BURMAH.

Curious Reasons Why Houses Are Only One Story High.

Farmers' Wives Enjoy Uncommon Privileges.

Living is very cheap in Burmah. Fruit grows without cultivation, and a little rice and curry makes up the meal for the farmer's family. A fine quality of tobacco is raised, and with his rice, his curry, and his tobacco the farmer is content. Twenty-five or fifty dollars will put up a good farmhouse, and the average farmer's hut is made of plaited bamboo walls thatched with palm leaves. The rafters look for all the world like fishing poles, and the usual house is of one story, built upon a foundation of piles so high up that one can walk under the first floor without stopping, and so arranged that the farm animals can be kept under the house at night, thus saving the expense of a barn.

Most of the cooking is done out of doors, and the Burmese farmer's wife usually builds her fire on the ground. Her cooking utensils consist of two or three earthen pots, and the family gets along with a cocoanut ladle for tin cup, dpper and tumblers. There are no knives and forks to wash, for the Burmese do not use them, and as to plates a huge platter of wood or china contains the rice which forms the meal for the family, and each man, woman and child grab for themselves.

There is no drinking done during the meal and at the close of it each one takes the cocoanut ladle, goes to the water jar, drinks his fill and rinses out his mouth. Speaking of the houses being of but one story, this custom came about through the reign of the kings, who considered it presumptuous for any of their subjects to put up a house which might approach in grandeur their palaces, and besides the Burman would consider it a great indignity to have any one walking with his feet above his head as he might have in case he had a two-storyed house.

There is no furniture to speak of in the Burmese house. The family sleep upon mats, and pillow their heads on blocks of wood or frames of bamboo. The clothing of the farmer and his wife is much the same, and the poorer classes usually wear but one garment consisting of a single piece of colored cotton cloth about a yard and a half wide and of such a length that it can be wound around the chest or waist and fall to the feet. The higher classes of women have a short silk or cotton sacque which covers the shoulders and arms, and the better classes wear the brightest of silks.

Some of the ladies' dresses consisting of this single strip of silk cost hundreds of dollars, and some of the fine silks of the world are made in Burmah. The men are as gorgeous in their costumes as the women. Their gowns are wound about the waist and tied in a big knot at the front. Most men wear a bright handkerchief tied around the head, and inside of this put their long hair. Both classes wear their hair long, and both classes wear earings or ear plugs.

The Burmese farmer's wife has a hole in the lobe of her ear as big around as a thumb, and in this she has a round plug of colored glass or a wide ring of gold or silver. These holes are so large that they are sometimes used for the carrying of the cigars or cigarettes of the women, and the Burmese cigar is often an inch in diameter. I saw a woman one day with a cigar in her ear, and one ear I noticed had a hole almost as big around as a napkin ring.

Another striking thing about the farmers is their dogs. Every Burmese farmer's boy is tattooed from the waist to the knees with all sorts of figures which are supposed to act as charms.

The farmer's wife in Burmah has more rights than any other woman of the far East, and I think she has more to say in the management of the business than the wife of the American farmer. As a rule she controls the pocketbook and buys the seed rice. Like as not she manages a little estate of her own, and if she does, the profits from it all go to her, and her husband cannot touch them. If he gets sick and does not help attend to the planting she can get a divorce on that ground, and if he is idle and lazy and does not support her the Burmese law will give her her freedom. In case of a divorce she gets back all the money she brought into the family and half of the joint earnings.

She has fully equal rights with the man in every respect, save that according to the Buddhist religion she is supposed to commit infinitely more sins than he possibly can commit, and her only chance of going to heaven is

by being born again into the body of a man. Love-making and courting go on in Burmah much as they do in this country. Elopements are common and there is the same courting though there is no kissing or hand-shaking.

Before the English took possession of Burmah the king started the plowing just as it is done in China at the present. On a certain day his Majesty went out with his ministers from the palace to a place known as the Royal Fields, and the king stood on a plow plaited with gold leaf and drawn by milk-white oxen harnessed to it with bands of crimson and gold and having reins stiff with diamonds and rubies. The king's ox was tipped with gold, and his Majesty was in royal attire.

In addition to his plow there was a plow for each of the ministers, and after he had gone up and down the field for a couple of furrows the ministers were given a chance, and they had to continue to plow until the king got tired and said enough. After this the king mounted his royal white elephant and rode back to the palace. With the advent of the English this ceremony has been done away with, and the last of the king's white elephants has disappeared from Mandelay.—[American Agriculturist.

Facts About Greenland.

A lecture on Greenland was given in London not long ago by Mr. Clements Markham. His histories of the early discoveries included the voyage of Eric the Red.

Hall was the first Englishman who laid his bones on the shore of Greenland.

In 1721 Hans Egede, the apostle of the Esquimaux, landed in Greenland.

It has been found impossible to penetrate for any distance into the vast interior. The natives believe it to be inhabited by enormous and malignant beings.

It is 300,000 square miles in extent, the whole being a mass of ice. A Danish professor in 1820 made his way for thirty miles inland, and described the scene he saw.

There is nothing but a white world supporting a blue vault. From far below one's feet there comes the moaning noise, the voice of rivers flowing far beneath.

Occasionally there are loud reports from the opening of a cleft, a vast mass of water pierces its way in the ice down to the underlying granite itself, for thousands of feet.

At thirty miles from the coast the height above the sea was 2,200 feet, and the ice was still rising.

A wonderful sight is that of the colossal rivers, deep and broad, which flow between tall blue banks, and pour at the end of their course down a cleft with a mighty cascade, which is conspicuous from a distance by a cloud of mist which always hangs above it.

On the strips of the land near the coast the Greenland flora, though scanty, is very pleasant to the eye. Vegetation covers the ground in thick masses, forming turf in the level places, while it fills the chinks and crannies of the rocks and creeps over the surface of the stone, giving a bright appearance to the land in the Summer.

The prettiest thing of all is the club moss, with its graceful little white-bell flowers like miniature lilies of the valley. With it are generally the dwarf-willow and birch and the whortleberry, with its red berry and glossy little leaves.

As far as Disco, but not further north, there are beds of lady's mantle and angelica, and masses of holly fern, the erect red blossom of the pedicularis, bright little red and white saxifrages, the dandelion-potentillas and ranunculus, the Arctic poppy, the sweet-smelling ledum-palustre and the showy purple blossoms of the epilobium-alpinum.

The Black Sea a Stagnant Pond. The Hydrographical Department of the Russian Navy has sent a gunboat to explore the Black Sea from Odessa to Constantinople, and from Batum to Sebastopol. The vessel was commanded by Capt. Spindler and Wrangel, and a scientific report has been prepared by M. Andrusoff, who compared the Black Sea to a stagnant pond, having a maximum depth of 1,200 fathoms where the water of the Mediterranean mingles with that of the rivers which flow into it.

The Walls in the Moon. Prof. Holden of Lick Observatory reports that in pictures of the moon lately taken there are plainly visible parallel walls, the tops of which are only about two hundred yards wide and not more than twelve hundred yards apart. He offers no conjecture of their meaning.—[Philadelphia Record.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

RECIPE FOR STARCH POLISH.

One ounce of white wax, three ounces of paraffin, one ounce of spermaceti, one-half ounce stearine. Melt all together in a tin vessel, pour in a thin plate to cool. To every quart of starch used add about an inch square. To make bluing take one ounce Chinese blue and one fourth-ounce of oxalic acid, and four quarts of soft water.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

A FAD IN SERVING BREAD.

"Bread should not be sliced" is the dictum of some of our housekeepers who take kindly to new fashions. One little woman, who is an afa on all such matters, uses a silver bread-plate, on which is placed half a loaf. The guest who abhors crust is allowed to tear out a handful of "soft" from the very heart of the loaf, while the English lover of well-done-and-a-day-old breads off whatever he wishes.—[Ladies' Home Companion.

FURNITURE POLISH.

Probably the best furniture polish is raw or crude petroleum. This can be obtained at city oil or paint stores. It is the coal oil, just as it runs from the well, and is considerably more expensive than ordinary kerosene. A quart bottle of crude petroleum will not cost over a quarter of a dollar, however, and will polish a houseful of furniture. First clean the furniture thoroughly with kerosene. This will remove all the dust. Then polish it with the crude oil, applying it with a flannel rag and rubbing it in with a chamois leather. Rub in the oil so that the furniture will not stain a clean white cotton cloth applied to it.

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RUBBERS.

Ladies Fine Shoes in all the leading styles.

Misses' and Children's Spring Heel Shoes a specialty in Fine Kid and St. Goat, Calf Foxed and Protic toe and heel for school wear. Also

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Boys' and Children's School Suits.

Boys' Short Pants.

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Hats, Caps, Trunks and Bags.

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SLEIGHS, PUNS, ETC,

Arlington Bakery,

N. J. HARDY, Proprietor.

Hot Rolls, Biscuit, and Fresh Bread Daily.

Hot Brown Bread and Baked Beans

on SUNDAYS. Teams go through the streets each day to leave bread and take orders.

PLAIN and FANCY CAKE.

ICE CREAM to order, in large or small quantities. Catering in best manner for small or large parties.

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Evenings at 7. Tuesdays and Thursday afternoons at 4. Other hours by appointment.

11 July 3

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ARLINGTON BAKERY,

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Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Eye Glasses and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted.

AGENT FOR COAL AND WOOD.

4 \$20 A Day Man!

A VOICE

4 \$20 A Day Man!

W. H. GARRISON

W. H. G

ARLINGTON**ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.**

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

—Upham will open an unusually fine line of poultry for Thanksgiving.

—Rev. A. C. Nickerson, of Exeter, N. H., will be the pulpit supply at the Unitarian church, next Sunday.

—The steam roller having completed the work laid out for it on Arlington avenue, was returned to the city of Cambridge, from whom it was hired, last Saturday.

—The Macedonia Society of the Baptist church will meet in the small vestry, next Tuesday evening, at half past seven o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

—Richard Hodge and William Sullivan were in court last Monday for disturbing the peace, and were fined \$5 each. Hodge paid his fine, but Sullivan appealed and gave bonds.

—The work of making a street through what was formerly the Addison Gage estate has progressed quite rapidly this past week. The soil taken from the cuts is used to fill in low places.

—Mr. R. A. Ware will have charge of the Y. P. C. E. meeting at the Congregational church, Sunday evening, at 6:30 o'clock. The topic will be "God's willingness and desire to give us the best things."

—The new organ for the Unitarian church has arrived, and workmen have been busy all the week putting it in position in the organ loft. Next week the organ will be voiced, and we shall give a full description.

—The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Baptist church will hold its meeting next Sunday evening, at quarter past six o'clock, in the small vestry. Subject: "God's willingness and desire to give us the best things." Luke 11, 1-13. John W. White will be the leader.

—Mr. Lin. J. Bailey and wife left town on Monday for Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, where they will reside in the future, Mr. Bailey's business calling him there for a permanent residence. The best wishes of a large circle of relatives and friends will follow them to their new home.

—A delegation from Post 36 paid a fraternal visit to Post 136 at Somerville, last Monday evening, and had a most enjoyable time. The Somerville Post has truly elegant quarters in the new building near the Winter hill station. J. V. Con. Knowles responded for the visitors in the greetings between comrades.

—Last Saturday while Chester Thorpe, a young lad, was running across the railroad tracks near the entrance to Russell terrace, he tripped and fell on the tracks. In the fall two of the upper front teeth (second ones) were broken off and the lip badly cut, making painful though not serious accident.

—Miss Grace W. Geer made a pleasing exhibition of water color sketches at the private exhibition at the Boylston Art Studios, Boston, under the direction of Mrs. E. Hollis, held last week. A number of Arlington people attended the exhibition through the kind courtesy of Miss Geer, a teacher in the Russell school and a sister of the artist mentioned.

—The pastors of the Protestant churches of Arlington have united in making arrangements for a union service on Thanksgiving Day (next Thursday). It will be held in the Universalist church, at eleven o'clock, the exercises being conducted by Revs. Tomlinson, Pember, Watson and Bushnell. The latter, the pastor of the Congregational church, will preach the sermon.

—On the evening of Sunday, Nov. 30, Rev. Reuben Thomas, D. D., will visit Arlington and, at a union service to be held in the Congregational church, will repeat the oration delivered before the International Peace Congress at London, last July, which proved to be one of the strongest features of that notable gathering of able men.

—A plate of false teeth was a suggestive sight as they lay near the railroad tracks which cross the entrance to Russell terrace. We can imagine they parted company with their owner while going through various gymnastic feats in, by and through the cars to reach the opposite side. This feat is calculated to make one loose their senses as well as their teeth, especially where they are not "stationary."

—Last Saturday Mrs. Winfield S. Durgin lost a hand bag containing money and other articles of value. It was found by John McCoy, a man in the employ of Mr. Joseph Butterfield, and promptly returned to the owner. Articles of this kind are so seldom returned to the owner that an instance of honesty in this line is worth mention. McCoy was substantially rewarded by Mr. Durgin.

—For more than a year strenuous efforts have been made by parties interested to secure the stoppage of the electric cars at Franklin street. The Cambridge membership of Arlington Boat Club, as well as residents here, have endeavored to persuade the management to grant the request, and a petition to the officers met with a denial. Feeling they had rights in this matter that were neglected, about 200 citizens petitioned

the Railroad Commissioners to order the West End Co. to add Franklin street to the depots along the line, and we understand the change desired is to be made.

—The children enjoyed their dancing lesson, in Town Hall, Wednesday afternoon, from four till six.

—Pleasant Street Market has a full line of poultry and other seasonable furnishings for a first class Thanksgiving dinner, at market prices.

—Mrs. John P. Squire and Miss Kate Squire returned on Tuesday from a visit to Mrs. Dr. Holmes (Miss Bessie Squire) at Minneapolis, Minn.

—Died in Belmont, Nov. 15, of pneumonia, Mrs. Edward Morton. The funeral services were held at the family home, Tuesday, Nov. 18.

—The winter schedule of the school hours of the Arlington public schools has gone into effect. The morning session closes at half past eleven and opens at half past one for the afternoon session with the dismissal of the pupils for the day at half past three.

—Mr. Litchfield, our local photographer, has never had a more busy season than at present. The holiday trade has already commenced, and embraces a number of orders for crayons, etc. What is better for the holiday gift than a beautiful photograph, crayon portrait? Those wishing fine work in this line will do well to arrange for sittings at an early date. Mr. Litchfield's work is first class in every respect.

—The local branch of the C. L. S. C. will hold its regular meeting next Monday evening, at the residence of Mr. James Boston, on Broadway. The work and life of Wicifl will be the principal theme, though incidentally the approaching New England festival of Thanksgiving is to be considered. An interesting programme has been arranged.

—Early Monday evening the large lantern which hangs over the entrance to the Public Library was found to be on fire, the light attracting quite a crowd to learn the cause. The rubber insulator of the light became separated and the live wire coming in contact with part of the lantern burning it and scorching the building, where the fire ran along the rubber cover to the wire. The fire was easily extinguished by pouring water on it.

—Wednesday evening, in the Universalist church vestry, Rev. Frederick Pember, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, gave a lecture on New Zealand for the benefit of the chapel fund the ladies of his parish are interested in. Considering how little interest Arlington people show in entertainments of this class, Mr. Pember had a good audience. For several years Mr. Pember was missionary and pastor in the middle island of the group in the southern Pacific known as New Zealand, and his labors were confined to the section of that island called Canterbury; but naturally he made himself familiar with the whole group, and in his lecture gave the results of his studies and observations. The lecture was so compact that a digest or outline is impossible, although singularly free from mere statistics as to distances, etc., and as we have no room for a lecture of more than an hour's duration, we must pass it over with our compliments to the lecturer on his clear, concise, graphic and in every way interesting outline sketch of the geography, climate, resources, inhabitants and development of a country little known to most of his hearers.

—The third in the series of Inter-Club League bowling matches came off at the Arlington Boat Club house, last Wednesday evening, and the home team rejoices in another victory over one of the strongest teams of the league. But the score, as compared with the game of last week, indicates a streak of good luck more than especially strong play, as they win by 80 points less than the Athletics made in the game a week ago, when they were defeated by 100 points. Still the game counts a victory over a strong team, and is a cause for congratulation. Mr. Durgin having an engagement elsewhere, his place in the team was taken by Mr. Stevens, who well held up to the average play. The falling off was in Flanders' play. Last week his score was 518, but Wednesday evening he fell off to 386. The following is the full score in detail:

"NORFOLK HOUSE" CASINO CLUB.

	1st	2nd	3rd	Total
Bowler.	String.	String.	String.	
Johnson,	173	168	111	452
Rogers,	148	102	136	386
Goodman,	173	117	146	436
Gillette,	140	138	188	466
Smith,	141	106	126	373
Totals,	775	631	707	2133

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

	1st	2nd	3rd	Total
Bowler.	String.	String.	String.	
Fiske,	147	137	135	419
Shepard,	150	170	156	476
Stevens,	131	152	145	428
Hill,	140	152	129	421
	132	134	120	386
Totals,	700	745	685	2130

Referee, B. F. Swan, Jr. Scorers, S. S. Bartlett, A. T. Marston.

—Next Wednesday evening the fourth game in the series will be bowled in the alley at Newton, with the club in that city. May as good luck attend the boys on a strange alley as has followed their fortunes thus far, —two out of three.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gard. S. Cushman entertained the "Here-and-There Club" at their pretty home on Arlington avenue, Wednesday evening. The invitations indicated it was to be a whist party and the company present made up nine or ten tables and passed the evening agree-

ably with this popular card game. The prizes offered were unique and appropriate, Miss Helen M. Tee capturing the ladies' first prize (a piece of brie-a-brac) and Miss Gertrude Butler the lesser prize (a bust of a crying child). The first prize for the gentlemen was a cigar case and was awarded to Mr. Will Muller, while Mr. Rodney T. Hardy, won the small music box provided for the booby prize for the gentlemen. A handsomely spread supper was served in the dining room at the close of the game, and all present enjoyed a very pleasant social occasion. The "Here-and-There Club" is a reorganization of the social club formerly known as the "J. I. P's," enlarged so as to take in other members which, with the old organization, makes a membership of about forty for the new club, the members of which are made up principally from the Pleasant St. Congregational society. The club is entirely social in its nature.

—Mrs. John P. Squire and Miss Kate Squire returned on Tuesday from a visit to Mrs. Dr. Holmes (Miss Bessie Squire) at Minneapolis, Minn.

—Died in Belmont, Nov. 15, of pneumonia, Mrs. Edward Morton. The funeral services were held at the family home, Tuesday, Nov. 18.

—The winter schedule of the school

hours of the Arlington public schools has gone into effect. The morning session closes at half past eleven and opens at half past one for the afternoon session with the dismissal of the pupils for the day at half past three.

—Mr. Litchfield, our local photographer, has never had a more busy season than at present. The holiday trade has already commenced, and embraces a number of orders for crayons, etc. What is better for the holiday gift than a beautiful photograph, crayon portrait? Those wishing fine work in this line will do well to arrange for sittings at an early date. Mr. Litchfield's work is first class in every respect.

—Sunday is to be Christian Endeavor day at the Universalist church, it being the first anniversary of the organization of this society. In the morning the pastor will give a special address and in the evening, at 6:30 o'clock, addresses and reports by the members will be given. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—Edward C. Smith, the colored man who burglarized the house of Major Bachman, some months ago, and was tracked in Boston and arrested, plead guilty in court yesterday, and was sentenced on several counts, the aggregate being about eleven years. He is of the criminal class, having several aliases, and has long been known as a thief by the police.

—Last evening the recently organized Arlington Brass Band gave a concert in Town Hall, assisted by local and other talent, presenting a program of real excellence, which was carried out to the credit of all. The band played well, in all the numbers, but number three, where Mr. Mann had a baritone solo, seemed to be the best in time, tune and effect. Miss Annie A. Pyne was well received and rendered her numbers so as to secure hearty encores, to which she responded with bright and witty short selections. Miss Nellie V. Parker has a full soprano voice pleasing in quality, of good range, and last evening evidenced careful training in her use of the same. She won encores. The Handel Quartette is a local organization, the members residing at Arlington Heights, and their singing was received with high favor and the singers given an encore. The place of the cornet solo on the program was filled, in the absence of Mr. Scarlet, by Miss Millward, who charmed all by her handling of her cornet. The concert was a success in everything but attendance. Instead of crowding the hall to the door, as should have been the case as an encouragement to the band, the hall was no more than two-thirds full.

The following is the programme:—

1. March. Sigfried.....	Wagner.
2. Song. Arioso Witz.....	Vogel.
3. Stella Polka.....	R. J. Herndon.
4. Reading. "Lily Servo-set Ride."	Albion W. Tourgee.
5. Overture. Bridal Rose.....	C. Lavasseur.
6. Song. "My Dearest Heart".....	Sullivan.
7. Clarinet Solo.	Miss Nellie V. Parker.
8. Song. "Away to the Field".....	White.
9. Clarinet Solo.	Albion W. Tourgee.
10. Selection.	F. C. Clark.
11. Reading. "Banff's Burglar Alarm." Anon.	Kreutz.
12. Selection. Magnolia Serenade, Jean Misseud.	
13. Waltz Song. "Fleetin' Days".....	Bailey.
14. Waltz. "Trinity College".....	Misseud.

15. Cornet Solo.

16. Selection.

17. Reading. "The Burglar Alarm." Anon.

18. Selection. Magnolia Serenade, Jean Misseud.

19. Waltz Song. "Fleetin' Days".....

20. Waltz. "Trinity College".....

21. Selection.

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LEXINGTON**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

=The Male Chorus met as usual on Friday for their rehearsal.

=The Selectmen held their business meeting in Town Hall, Thursday afternoon.

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=A. C. Washburn, is building a new barn for Hon. A. E. Scott, on his farm on Waltham street. The dimensions of the building is to be 50x10 feet. We understand Mr. Scott will erect a residence close by next spring.

=The local Chautauqua Circle met with Mrs. Alfred Pierce, at her home in East Lexington, Monday afternoon. The circle is reading English history together with the current articles in the Chautauqua magazine.

=Next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, there will be a vesper service in the Baptist church, to which the public are cordially invited. The program will be under the direction of the choir of the church.

=Rev. L. B. Hatch, of the Baptist church has been ill with a severe cold and in consequence was unable to take charge of the services at his church, on Sunday last. His absence was supplied by a divinity student.

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=The perambulation of the town commenced Tuesday, the bounds being established between Bedford and Lexington in the morning, and Burlington in the afternoon. Wednesday the boundaries between our town and Arlington were traversed, and on Thursday Waltham and Lincoln were duly visited and the limits reestablished.

=A large circle of friends have welcomed Mr. Harry W. Davis back to his boyhood home, this week, after an absence in Chicago where he has been in business for some time. A few years ago Mr. Davis was prominent in base ball matters, being a member of the Lexington Base Ball Club at its organization.

=One day during this fall the Skelton brothers were digging potatoes in a field near their home in Burlington, close by Vine brook, on what is known as the Carter farm, when one of them turned up a ring of curious design. On closer inspection it was found to be an old fashioned "mourning ring" worn in old times in memory of departed friends. The ring is of fine gold and in the centre is a white crystal through which can be seen, with a magnifying glass, a scull and cross-bones while on either side of it are diamonds set down in the ring in oxidized silver. The rest of the space on the outside of the ring bears an in-

scription in raised letters as follows:—"Abigail Haywood, died 1790, Jan. 9th, aged 81 years." It is evident that the ring was filled with black enamel which would throw the inscription in bold relief and make a unique and quite elegant design for a ring of this description. Those who desire can see the curious relic by a visit to the home of Mrs. Bradford Skelton, in Burlington.

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Let Me Go Up.

Let me not up.
By falsely noble, or ravenous greed,
By sharply overreaching some sufferers
need,
And making hearts ache and aching hearts
bleed.

Let me not up,
With stolen delights, or ill gotten gain,
On ladders of pleasure elusive and vain,
And follies that prison and passions that
chain.

Let me not up,
Brushing the bloom from innocent youth,
Painting false pictures and calling them
truth,
And leaving life's ruin in place of its ruth.

Let me go up
Ennobled and strong, because on the height,
Where eager eyes gaze, are beauty and light,
And my soul is ablaze with the halcyon sight.

Let me go up
And hinder me not. Though crippled I
climb,
I've a right to the faraway hills of the time,
When effort is holy and success is sublime.

Let me go up
With panoplied faith, because as I go
I may quardon some sorrow, soften some
woe,
And comfort some heart with the hope that
I know.

Let me go up,
Undaunted and bold, because as I stand
I may reach to some other the succoring
hand,
And forge a new link in humanity's band.
—[Birch Arnold, in Chicago Herald.]

THE SILVER WEDDING.

John Bodkins was a journeyman silver-plater by trade, and his back was bent, and his shoulders rounded by the thirty-five years of hard labor at his calling.

But John and his wife, both being sociable bodies, had hosts of friends, and so had pretty Margery, their fair and only daughter.

"Then you think we had better have the silver wedding, wife?" said John one night, as he sat down to his cozy supper-table, presided over by sweet Margery.

"I think so, John. Our friends urge it, and it would be nice to have a few pieces of real silver instead of so much plated trumpery. Then how nice, too, to commemorate our twenty-five years of happy married life. A quarter of a century—just think of it!"

"Yes," said John, turning his tea into his saucer in true unconventional style; "and it has passed quickly and happily, too."

So it was forthwith settled that the silver wedding of John Bodkins and wife should come off on the following Thursday, June 25.

Mrs. Bodkins went to work to set her house in order for the reception of her dear friends.

Black Jane was called in, and such a baking, and broiling, and stewing—such a compounding of sweets, such a chopping of savory messes, was never known before in the Bodkins cottage; and more delightful odors than stole from the doors and windows of that envied abode never before greeted the olfactory organs of the passer-by.

Margery, though the acknowledged beauty of the little town was simple, artless and modest. Her task now was to sweep, dust and arrange the parlor, as well as superintend the making of the new white muslin dress and blue overskirt with bretelles that was to grace her person on the night of the silver wedding.

"I hope our friends won't impoverish themselves, John," said Mrs. Bodkins, as in a flutter she dressed herself in her best and only black silk. "None of them are rich, you know, and some little article, if of no more value than a silver thimble, will be acceptable from each, I'm sure, as long as they're the real stuff."

"I don't much care, Nancy, whether they bring anything or not, as long as you and Madge enjoy yourselves. As for me I am as happy as a lark, silver or no silver, with a good prospect of having my wages raised, for—and here John turned squarely round from shaving himself, razor in hand, to give force to his words—"the boss tells me that business is looking up; there was a perfect rush yesterday and to-day for plated ware, especially table ware, and if this keeps up we'll soon make a 'corner in castors'."

"Don't mention castors, John. I hope, in mercy, our friends will omit them in their donations tonight, we've got six treble-plated ones and four commoner ones; a surfeit anyhow; although I shouldn't mind a pair of real silver beauties!"

"Mother, I'm ready," said Margery, as she presented herself at the door of her mother's room, and a prettier picture one might travel miles to see. Her rippling blonde hair fell in waves down her fair shoulders and her violet eyes, the wells of perfect innocence, brimmed over with merry mischief.

"Peter, the boss' son, is coming over tonight. Midget," (John's pet name for his darling.)

Margery blushed rosily red.
"I wonder at your inviting one so far above us in station, papa."

"I didn't invite him. He invited himself. He said it was proper he should add his mate, and in return he should expect a change at one of Dame Bodkin's famous suppers, and a guest in the dance with my pretty Margery!"

Margery disappeared below stairs with a bright flush in her cheeks, and a happy beating in her heart that she had never felt before. Peter Downing was her beau ideal of what a man should be. Handsome, and polished, as well as noble and manly.

He had called at the cottage at times, on errands for his father, but never had entered the house as a visitor.

"To-night," whispered Margery, softly to her kitten, "he will be our guest."

The evening of the eventful day came at last, and brought with it the rush of expected friends, each bringing with him or her, a mysterious parcel, carefully wrapped up out of sight, which was deposited on a long table, covered with a white cloth, in the back sitting-room, for the reception of said articles.

After two or three simple dances, a great amount of laughing and chatting, and a supper fit for a king, came the "unveiling."

To Deacon Pryor's wife and Aunt Jane Bodkins was accorded the honor of unpinning or untying the wrappers, while at a given signal each article was to greet the light and shine forth in all its resplendent splendor.

At this important crisis the company, which was a large one, was arranged in groups about the rooms, the Bodkin's family holding the place of honor under the looking glass in the front parlor, much after the fashion at funerals.

Mrs. B.'s tell-tale eyes and fidgety ways denoted delighted expectancy; Bodkins, on the contrary, was calm and unruffled, with a half-born smile on his lips. A knowing smile, in fact, as if he felt himself to be wiser than his guests. Margery, pretty Margery, was happy in the company of Peter, who paid her as much attention as if she had been a high-born lady. Had he not looked lovingly into her eyes? Had he not pressed her hand gently in the dance, and sighed when she bestowed a look upon another?

Aunt Bodkins rapped three times upon the table with her cane to enforce silence, and, presto! change! the white wrappers fell to the floor with a rustle.

Every eye was fixed upon the table; each guest anxious to see what the other had brought; and said eyes were greeted with a dazzling stream of silvery brightness.

"John," whispered Mrs. Bodkins, as she, pale as a sheet, held on to his arm with a grip; "they've all brought castors."

"Yes, Nancy, and plated ones at that," his smile bursting into an audible laugh.

"How do you know, John?" said Mrs. B., between her tightly closed teeth,

"Because they all came from our place, and a better finished article never went out of a shopdoor."

Yes, there they stood in a row, thirty-seven castors, seven ladies and twenty saltspoons, with two sets of real silver spoons, and a daintily-carved silver jewel box, the gift of Peter!

Surprise and mortification reigned supreme among the assembled guests.

"Talk of coincidences," mused they, "did ever anything beat this?"

They were thinking where to hide their diminished heads, when Mr. Peter Downing rose to address the assembly!

"My dear host and hostess, and fellow-citizens in general—I can truly say this is the happiest evening of my life. Not only am I here to confer an honor on an honorable and trustworthy man (Mr. Bodkins), but to humbly ask a favor of him, the answer to which will effect my whole life to joy or sorrow. To-morrow my aged father retires from business and I am to take his place, and, at his request, install our worthy host Mr. Bodkins, in my place as partner! And I am glad to see pointing to the table, "that my future partner has some stock of his own to begin business with."

"Now, to be serious, I would humbly ask you, Mr. and Mrs. Bodkins, for the hand of your charming daughter, Margery. I have loved her many years and have reason to think my love is reciprocated. I await the verdict!"

"All's well that ends well!"

The surprised and grateful Bodkins, entered on his new duties humbly but with dignity.

Mrs. Bodkins forgot her disappointment, in the thought that she was the

wife of a man in "business for himself," and mother-in-law in prospect to another, and that one, the owner of half the real estate in the village.

Margery was happy because she was about to marry the man she loved with all her heart, at Christmas, and as the Christmas bells have long ago stopped ringing we know the bride is sheltered and happy.—[New York Weekly.]

Climate of Southern California.

Winter as we understand it east of the Rockies does not exist. I scarcely know how to divide the seasons. There are at most but three. Spring may be said to begin with December and end in April; summer, with May (whose days, however, are often cooler than those of January), and end with September; while October and November are a mild autumn, when nature takes a partial rest, and the leaves of the deciduous trees are gone. But how shall we classify a climate in which the strawberry (none yet in my experience equal to the Eastern berry) may be eaten in every month of the year, and ripe figs may be picked from July to March?

What shall I say of a frost (an affair of only an hour just before sunrise of only an hour just before sunrise)

After two or three simple dances, a great amount of laughing and chatting, and a supper fit for a king, came the "unveiling."

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Nature here, in this protected and petted area, has the knack of being genial without being enervating, of being stimulating without "bracing" a person into the tomb. I think it conducive to equanimity of spirit and to longevity to sit in an orange grove and eat the fruit and inhale the fragrance of it while gazing upon a snow mountain.—[Harper's Magazine.]

Lincoln's Habits.

The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visitors nominally at ten o'clock, but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, senators and members of congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

SHE WRITES FOUR NOVELS A YEAR.

Mary E. Bryan, who is under contract to write a novel every three months and has fulfilled it for the past three years, went to Atlanta in June to look after her farm, which is covered with grapes and cotton. When this spry little woman makes up her mind to do a thing she does it in what the tactician calls double-quick time. This year her cotton was the first baled in the State of Georgia.—[Chicago Post.]

SUITABLE FOR SLENDER WOMEN.

Paniers and other Louis XVI. draperies are doing their best to become a recognized feature of prevailing fashion. These are very becoming to women of slender build if the side draperies are not carried beyond the bounds of common sense. Bodices differing in their style of trimming on each side of the front are still very general, and not a few modistes ornament the backs of corsets as fully as the front, but only very straight and upright back and a very slight figure can bear any such elaboration.

MAKERS OF TIN SOLDIERS.

At Nuremberg, in Germany, thousands of women are employed in the manufacture of tin soldiers, those gaudy, pugnacious looking little toys that find their way into every home that has a small boy. Their work consists in painting the uniforms of the tiny warriors, which are placed in rows of a dozen in a wooden groove. When one side is dressed the frame is turned and the painter lays on the back of the uniform, boots and helmet. She is compelled to provide her own brush and colors and she works eleven hours a day for a sum that averages about sixty cents a week.—[New York World.]

VIOLINS FOR GIRLS.

The violin has now fairly taken its place as an instrument for girls. The only question, indeed, seems to be whether it is designed to supersede our old, but not invariably welcome, friend, the pianoforte. We are reminded by an article from the pen of Mr. Joyce Barrett in the Woman's World that this is, after all, only a revival, as we learn from figures in sculptured stone in our ancient cathedrals. St. Cecilia, moreover, is depicted by the old painters quite as often with a bowed instrument as seated at her traditional organ. The list of distinguished living lady violinists is very considerable. As to the common charge of "ungracefulness," Mr. Barrett overrules it at once. Nothing more elegant than a good style of "bowing." Giving violin lessons is now notoriously one of the most profitable branches of the music mistress' profession. As there is really more work than the good teachers can do it is not surprising to learn that there are many bad teachers who are supplying the deficiency—after a fashion.

LISLE THREAD GLOVES.

The lisle thread glove was formerly made in England, but the center of this large business has moved within the past few years from England to Saxony. England exports no more. Chemnitz is the great city for this industry. The silk and cassimere glove, as well as the lisle thread, are manufactured at Chemnitz. A great many of these Saxon-made gloves are imported every year. The labor employed in making the cheaper grades is one of the very lowest kind. The cotton gloves are made by women who earn no more than forty-five cents a week. The workers in the lisle thread, silk and cassimere gloves are paid about \$2.25 a week.

There is a kid glove—at least it is called a kid glove—that is made in Germany and called the Schmacher. In its manufacture the skins of still-born lambs are used and these skins are shipped to Germany from the Argentine Republic. These are the cheapest kind of kid gloves made excepting the twenty-five-cents-a-pair article prepared in Naples. These Schmachers are imported in quite large quantities and are sold in this country by the wholesale from \$6 to \$9 a dozen. They are worn by the poorer classes of people.—[London News.]

WINTER JACKETS.

The three-quarter length walking jacket is in the ascendant. It is double breasted in one model with rolling, notched collar. It ends in a shallow point back and front just below the waist line, and seamless coat skirts curved to fit over the hips are added. Five buttons are set on each side of the seam down the middle of the waist. Sleeves are easy fitting in coat shape.

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Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, which exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great boud purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for catarrh, which it cures by eradicating from the blood the impurity which causes and promotes this disease. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold."

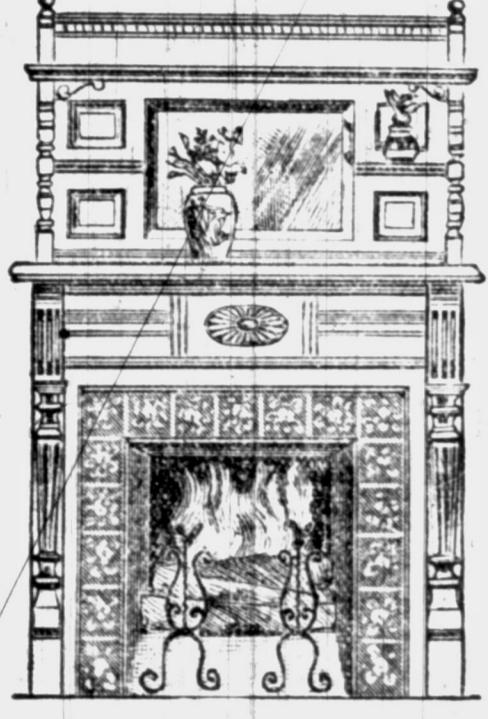
Mrs. G. R. Glass, 1029 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1.50 for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ONLY \$23.



When Dibdin once asked Douglas Jerrold if he had sufficient confidence in him to lend him a guinea, Jerrold replied: "Oh, yes; I have the confidence, but I have not the guinea."

There is no one who lacks the confidence to purchase a Wood Mantel, but many have heretofore lacked the money. Price has been the stumbling block over which many a purchaser has fallen.

To-day we remove this obstacle effectually. Not by making a plainer mantel, for this is one of the richest patterns. Not by making a smaller mantel, for this measures over seven feet in height by five feet in width. Not by making a cheaper mantel, for this is of best workmanship throughout.

The large bevelled mirror, the panelled over-mantle with its dainty side shelves, the carved posts, the fluted columns—in fine, all the ingredients of the best mantel are here. There is even more than is customary by the introduction of an extra shelf of full length at the extreme top.

The price in white wood, including mirror, ready to paint, is but \$23. The finish may be a Cherry or Mahogany stain, or Ivory White and Gold, or the plain white Colonial finish. It is our great Mantel offer of the year.

Paine's Furniture Co.
48 CANAL ST., South Side Boston & Maine Depot, Boston.

If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Nerucoglan* Cod Liver Oil. It is a palatable as medicine. This times an efficacious and pleasant Cold Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others. And for all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let me assure you by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF FOR PAIN

Family MEDICINE.

I consider Brown's Instant Relief to be the best family medicine. It is a real medicine, not a nostrum. It is sold by all dealers. Wholesale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston Mass. By mail \$1.00. Sample free.

For a Disordered Liver Try BEECHAM'S PILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

COMMERCIAL FOUNTAIN PEN

is the only pen, low-priced, yet in the market. Made of hard rubber; no metal, yet of great strength. Price \$1.00. Postage \$1.00. Send to 250 Main St., Boston, Mass. \$1.00 for 250. in stamps, or extra c. g. guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

W. R. DESENBERRY, Postmaster, Springfield, Susquehanna Co., Penna.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR RESTORED

Health and Manhood permanently recovered by taking Dr. N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Mention this paper.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

MILKING YOUNG HEIFERS.

The fact that heifers will not give so much nor so rich milk as the same animals will when fully matured, is well known. It should not, however, prevent good feeding and careful milking. More than usual pains should be taken to milk clean, by which is meant getting the last drop that the udder produces. Too many careless farmers only milk heifers while they produce considerable amounts, and if the milk comes slowly they stop, thinking to make the heifer grow. As this last milk is the richest, its absorption makes the heifer fat rather than thrifty, and this tendency to fatten decreases the cow's value as a milker ever after.—[Boston Cultivator.]

CEMENT FOR WATERING THROUGHS.

The joints of water troughs may be made tight by this mixture, viz.: Equal parts of air-slaked lime and wood ashes and linseed oil sufficient to form a paste. The joints should be bevelled a little on the inside and filled with this cement before water is put into the trough. In a few days the cement becomes like stone. With raw oil more time is required. This cement is useful for many purposes, as for closing the joints around stove-pipes put through roofs or at the joints of water pipes. Another good cement which is perfectly waterproof, is made of glue soaked in water until it is soft and still retains its form, and then melted in linseed oil gradually warmed upon a moderately warm stove. When dried this cement is hard and unites all kinds of materials.—[American Agriculturist.]

If chickens have been properly fed the past six weeks, they should now look plump and be in prime condition for marketing. None but select birds should be offered. Poor prices will usually predominate, and, if very choice and attractive fowls are offered, they will sell much better than the ordinary kinds.

Any one who doubts the strength and vitality of incubator-hatched chicks should visit some one who hatches by artificial means, or should get an incubator and try it. Chickens hatched artificially seldom have a bug or insect upon them. This alone makes them build up strong and vigorous chicks. Never condemn artificial hatching; it is doing more for the poultry industry than anything else has ever done.

To make a wire-bottom nest-box take pieces of board about fifteen inches square, or, better, two corners rounded for partitions, round side down, and then for sides and bottom use wire netting, three feet wide, any length required. Light strips can be nailed along the upper edges; the front may then be fastened up easily on hooks. It can be cleaned very thoroughly; all dirt and filth falls through the wire, leaving a clean well-ventilated nest.—[American Agriculturist.]

FIX THE FARM BUILDINGS.

Every farm building, from the dwelling to the smallest outhouse, should be put in good condition at this season, not only for protection against frosts and storms, but for safety and convenience. Many farmhouses need repairs to make them warm, and also to render less irksome the labors of those who do the housework. Farmers' wives and daughters and their help should be provided with many conveniences and labor-saving contrivances of which they are now deprived, especially as the "men folks" have the best of machinery for outdoor operations. Secure the home against the rigors of winter and make it as cheerful and comfortable as possible.

After providing for physical comfort do not neglect to secure such reading matter as will tend to brighten and improve the minds of the various members of the family during the leisure days and long evenings which are coming on apace. All barns, sheds, piggeries, poultry quarters, outhouses, etc., should now be looked after and made fit for the most advantageous use or occupancy practicable. Where close stables are used see that they are not only battened and warm, but properly ventilated. A stable can hardly be too warm in this northern region. Make open sheds as comfortable as you can for their four-footed tenants.

Special pains should be taken to shelter the manure and to keep everything snug and orderly. Shelter for implements is one of the best investments a farmer can make, and everyone who neglects it thereby pays tribute to the manufacturer. It is true economy to have all farm tools carefully housed where they may be repaired and painted during the leisure of winter. Storage houses and cellars need frequent attention. It pays to have a good wood-house and keep it well filled. If you have an ice-house clear it for filling, and if you have none it is in order to build one early.—[Chicago Tribune.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't have any broody hens about. Hungarian grass or millet is the best crop to sow in the poultry yard.

A large scarlet comb indicates that the hen is laying. All healthy fowls should have bright red combs.

The aged farmer who retires to the city is like a matured tree transplanted in a new soil—likely to wither and die.

Put coarse manure where you want a mulch, and fine where you want it to speedily mingle with and enrich the soil.

Don't be in a hurry to buy more land until you have got what you already have up to its maximum productiveness.

The poorer the road, the greater the wear and tear and the consumption of time, and hence the heavier the tax for travelling over it.

The farmer who does not believe in science has great faith in the influence of the moon and often mistakes hollow stomach for hollow horn.

Perseverance is the secret of success, and in nothing does it show its effect more than after you raise your flock to know how to sell them to advantage.

According to Dr. Collier, growing animals take only six per cent of the manurial value out of their food, and milch cows nine and one-half per cent.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"**CONFIDENCE.** Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crook in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one who's name is known to thousands, though he doesn't practice but a few years," says the *Buffalo Courier*. "Very cozy was his office, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many jollies and exercises. He stirred trifles, lay a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions, laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and maiming stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world, sir, should I go to poisons for its remedies? I am not, nor can I find any one who can."

"For does a doctor know the effect of his medicine? he says, 'I do,'—he prescribes, and I go away. Take my way the judge would be to start over again and wash the patient. This can't be done. So really I do not know what to do. So I know to know to know to do. Six years ago, you remember, the *Admiral* was sent out, a relick with a load of symptoms. He went to a few ignorant physicians and brought back useless and bad prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps because of their simplicity, but the existence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 1, 1891:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles and I truthfully state that it cured me."

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Boston & Maine Railroad. LOWELL SYSTEM.

ON and after Oct. 13, 1890, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Reformatory Station, at 7:50, a. m.; 1:35, 4:50, p. m.; Sundays, 12:50, p. m. Return at 8:45, a. m.; 12:37, 4:15, p. m., Sunday, 8:58, a. m.; 4:36, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Concord, Mass., at 7:50, a. m.; 1:35, 4:50, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, p. m. Return at 8:45, a. m.; 12:37, 4:15, p. m., Sunday, 8:58, a. m.; 4:36, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Bedford at 6:45, 7:00, 7:50, 10:00, a. m.; 1:35, 3:45, 4:50, 5:50, 6:08, 6:30, 10:15, p. m.; Sunday, 9:15 a. m.; 12:50, 6:00, p. m. Return at 4:35, 6:35, 7:00, 7:35, 8:20, 8:58, 9:57, a. m.; 12:47, 3:33, 4:28, 6:03, p. m.; Sunday, 9:04, a. m.; 12:45, 4:46, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Lexington at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 12:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:08, 6:30, 7:05, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 9:15, a. m.; 12:50, 2:00, 4:30, 6:00, p. m. Return at 5:15, 6:06, 6:34, 7:18, 7:32, 8:07, 8:38, 9:19, 9:43, 10:12, 11:44, a. m.; 12:10, 1:07, 2:40, 3:48, 4:05, 4:45, 5:28, 6:44, 8:10, 9:18, 10:18, p. m.; Sunday, 9:26, a. m.; 2:54, 3:11, 5:06, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Arlington Heights at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 12:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:08, 6:30, 7:05, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 9:15, a. m.; 12:50, 2:00, 4:30, 6:00, p. m. Return at 5:15, 6:06, 6:34, 7:18, 7:32, 8:07, 8:38, 9:19, 9:43, 10:12, 11:44, a. m.; 12:10, 1:07, 2:40, 3:48, 4:05, 4:45, 5:28, 6:44, 8:10, 9:18, 10:18, p. m.; Sunday, 9:26, a. m.; 2:54, 3:11, 5:06, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Arlington at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 12:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:08, 6:30, 7:05, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 9:15, a. m.; 12:50, 2:00, 4:30, 6:00, p. m. Return at 5:15, 6:06, 6:34, 7:18, 7:32, 8:07, 8:38, 9:19, 9:43, 10:12, 11:44, a. m.; 12:10, 1:07, 2:40, 3:48, 4:05, 4:45, 5:28, 6:44, 8:10, 9:18, 10:18, p. m.; Sunday, 9:26, a. m.; 2:54, 3:11, 5:06, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Lowell at 7:00, 10:19, a. m.; 4:19, 6:21, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7:23, 10:29, a. m.; 4:19, 6:21, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington AND Arlington at 7:00, 9:25, a. m.; 3:00, 5:35, p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS,
607 Park, and Ticket Agt.

Immense Assortment OF HOLIDAY BASKETS Trimmed and Untrimmed.

Our own designs in

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

We stamp FREE all goods purchased of us.

WHITNEY'S LINEN STORE, Temple Place, Boston.

31 Oct 3W

FRANK T. MASON, TAILOR, 339 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

GEORGE E. MUZZEY,

DEALER IN

LUMBER! Lime, Cement, Hair, etc., and Building Materials Generally. Agent for Bradley's FERTILIZERS of all kinds, and Akron Drain Pipe.

OUTSIDE WINDOWS, ETC. Office and Yards MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

INSURANCE B. F. Brown & Sons, OFFICES.

20 City Sq., Charlestown, 46 Congress St., Boston. RESIDENCE.

Hancock Street, Lexington. AGENTS FOR

First Class Stock and Mutual Insurance Companies.

Return Dividends from 20 to 60 per cent. paid on the assured on all expiring policies in Mutual Companies.

Insurance Solicited.

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Miss Minnie Brown will board at the Highlands this winter.

—The Chautauqua local circle met with Mrs. Alfred Pierce, on Monday, and will meet with her next week.

—There was a pleasant musical party of young people, one evening this week, at Mr. Ellsworth Pierce's.

—LaGrippe makes us a visit this winter of course Dr. Kotch will have a remedy.

—Mr. Charles Brown and his granddaughter, Miss Wentworth, left on Tuesday for Duran, Mississippi, where they will spend the winter.

—Rev. Mr. Samuel Dyberg, of Cambridge, preached at the Follen church, last Sabbath. His text was Matt. 5:3d; "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

—The house owned by Mr. G. Heywood, of Concord, is being altered and painted and will be occupied by Mr. Whittier.

—The long sheds adjoining the estate of Mr. Rhodes Lockwood have been torn down this week and the grounds are being prepared for the removal of the house farther back from Main street.

—November shows its true colors by reigning violently one day and then giving us a feast of untold loveliness the next, looking backward and snatching beauty from October.

—The scholars in our schools are anticipating much pleasure from the vacation next week, which will probably commence on Thanksgiving Day and continue until Monday.

—Our great harvest festival will be here before another issue of our paper. Even now every thing is impregnated with the aroma of mince and pumpkin pies and mournful, cries emanate from the poultry yard.

—Many from our village attended the "Deerstree Schule," Thursday evening, and some of our people were pupils and one of the boys in the primary class was such a little midget that all wondered he was not more disconcerted before such an audience.

—There will be a social party Wednesday, Nov. 26, under the auspices of the young ladies of the Follen church. Wood's orchestra will furnish music. Tickets, 25 cents; dancing tickets, 25 cents. Refreshments can be bought during the evening. The ladies of our village never undertake any thing without success as the result, so we're sure this party will be well patronized by our people and others. We insure them a pleasant evening.

—The Austin house, opposite the Willard Hotel, owned by Mr. Edward Harrington, was sold last week to Mrs. Violette Ruggles, of Marion, Mass., who we understand will occupy the house with her son, Dr. N. S. Ruggles and his family. They contemplate making extensive improvements which will make it an attractive place. As they are a very musical family, we hope our village may have an opportunity to hear them.

—Babies cry because they suffer; and the most reliable remedy for the relief of their discomfort is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

—A child learning its alphabet is sometimes block-aimed. A man suffering with catarrh and not trying Old Saul's Catarrh Cure may be called a block-head.

—No one can read the advertisement entitled "Thanksgiving," in our paper this week, without wondering how Standard Crockery and Table Ware can be sold at such a remarkably low price. But it's a fact, Messrs. Hollander, Bradshaw & Folsom are prepared to back every statement they make, and have a stock of the finest goods on their counters, as they have the benefit of doing a large importing and wholesale business in connection with their retail store.

—Frank Peabody, (Successor to Warren A. Peirce) DEALER IN

Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw, Lime,

Cement Plaster Hair Fertilizers etc.

Portland Drain and Sewer Pipe

Orders by Mail or Telephone will receive prompt attention.

P. O. BOX 136, LEXINGTON.

Telephone, 145-3.

Orders for teaming promptly attended to. Office and yards near centre depot, Lexington.

DRUNKENESS.

Liquor habit—in all the world there is but one cure. Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. In a glass of tea, coffee, or the nowise drink, it effects a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking, though they were not so hard to effect results from its administration. Curves guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

BAY STATE GUITARS, THE BEST IN THE WORLD, MADE BY J. HAYNES & CO., BOSTON MASS. SEND FOR FULL STRATIFIED CATALOGUE FREE.

MRS. S. E. BERRY, MILLINER,

Co. Arlington Avenue and Jason Street,

IN THE OLD JASON RUSSELL HOME,

Will do work as desired at her home and will guarantee satisfaction. Material procured if desired.

CESSPOOLS CLEANED

—AND—

Thoroughly Disinfected

—BY—

R. M. JOHNSON,

39 WINTER STREET, ARLINGTON.

14 Nov 4W

Insurance Companies.

Return Dividends from 20 to 60 per cent. paid on the assured on all expiring policies in Mutual Companies.

Insurance Solicited.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Died in East Lexington, Nov. 11, Mr. Patrick Dailey, aged 62 years, 8 months.

Mr. Dailey was born in Maith County, Ireland, March 6, 1828, and married to Miss Bridget Whalen Aug. 12, 1854. Mr. Dailey has lived in Lexington forty-two years and for eighteen years he was engaged as a stone mason, working with Mr. Nathaniel Garmon, and since that time he has labored diligently on his farm on Middle street. His funeral occurred on Thursday morning, at St. Bridget's church. There was high mass and Rev. Mr. Kavanagh officiated. The burial was at Arlington and a large concourse of relatives and friends followed his remains to their last resting place. Mr. Dailey was a faithful, honest man, true to his convictions of right and ever willing to lend a helping hand to his neighbor. During his sickness he was patient and unselfish, ready to go to his heavenly home and not at rest. He sowed the seeds of goodness and uprightness in his heart and now at the time of the ingathering of the harvest he has gone to reap the reward of his labors and his breaved family have the sympathy of our community.

—The scholars in our schools are anticipating much pleasure from the vacation next week, which will probably commence on Thanksgiving Day and continue until Monday.

—Our great harvest festival will be here before another issue of our paper. Even now every thing is impregnated with the aroma of mince and pumpkin pies and mournful, cries emanate from the poultry yard.

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